

The Forest by Cunninglinguist

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Summary:

In a world plagued by the living dead and creatures from another dimension, Negan is the fearless leader of the Savivors, and your occasional bedmate...but, you soon discover, that's not all that he is.

The Forest

“And *remember!*” bellowed Negan, leaping up from his chair so quickly and so suddenly that every Savior, including yourself, jumped. “When you take the workers out, especially the news ones, you’re not to lead them anywhere near the fucking portal. You got that?”

“Yes, Negan,” you and the Savivors chorused in unison.

Negan grinned widely and leaned forward, spreading large gloved hands on the table. “Good,” he said, his smile not reaching his eyes. He surveyed the room, gaze lingering on each person’s face for a moment longer than was comfortable. You couldn’t help but shift in your seat when he landed on you. He didn’t look away--*why wasn’t he looking away?!*--for what seemed like eternity. You did what you always did when this happened, which was do your damndest not to shrink down in your seat in a fruitless attempt to escape that calculating, ravenous gaze.

Finally tearing his eyes from you, Negan slung Lucille over his shoulder and barked, “And can anyone tell me *why* we don’t want to lead our people into the vicinity of the portal?”

Arat exhaled loudly and crossed her arms. “The creatures will smell us, and once they do, they’ll hunt us down.”

Negan pointed his bat at her and smiled, his eyes growing more crazed by the minute. “Ding ding ding, we have a winner! Correct! Very good, Arat.” Negan made eye contact with everyone in the room once more as he slowly regurgitated, like he was talking to an unruly group of first-graders, “The creatures. Will fucking. Smell you. And once they do. They’ll hunt you. The fuck. Down!” He banged Lucille on the table emphatically at each pause.

He raised his arms and continued, voice booming, “And we don’t want a very fucking unfortunate repeat of the wasteful, unnecessary *bullshit* that happened last fucking week, do we?”

You shifted again. Last week had been...at its core, it had been a

shame. A bunch of new workers had ventured out to collect from--the Hilltop? Alexandria?--one of those surrounding communities, and the Savior in charge of the operation had led them too far off the beaten path on the return journey. Unfortunately for them, Negan hadn't been around to steer them in the right direction. Their screams had echoed through the trees, punctuated by the unmistakable, visceral sounds of bodies ripping apart and innards splattering across the forest floor as the creatures pulled meat from bone like flowers from a vine. When Negan ventured out to survey the damage (he'd gone alone, despite your insistence to accompany him), all he'd found was pulp and...parts.

You had never seen the portal in person, only on the news before the world had gone....before things were the way that they are now. It had just *appeared* one day, deep in the Virginian forest. It had taken folks ages to figure out that it was even there--it wasn't until something evil, something with a lust for blood, something from the farthest reaches of the universe had burst forth from it, terrorizing the local towns, that anyone had begun to pay it any mind.

Things had rapidly deteriorated after this first anomaly as the laws of nature to which humanity had clung so violently were subverted--first, the creatures crawling out from the "pulsating membrane separating this world from the deepest, darkest fucking recesses of hell," as Negan called it, followed swiftly by the dead walking the earth, preying on the living, forever entombing the future of modern society and, perhaps, you feared, mankind.

Though he'd told you that the portal was terrifying to behold, Negan constantly stressed that he feared no such demise of mankind. He worked tirelessly to ensure the safety of everyone at the Sanctuary--that's why he had created the Sanctuary in the first place, to keep people safe. Despite its unsettling proximity to the portal, the Sanctuary was the safest place for miles--inexplicably, the creatures never roamed too close. For the life of you, you couldn't figure out how or why. Negan attributed this phenomenon to the surrounding razor wire fences and the dead ones attached to them, covering up the scent of the living with their stench, but that explanation never quite sat right with you. How could *that* be what was keeping the monsters away? Human beings, sure, and even the dead ones,

but...the bloodthirsty creatures from the nether realms?

You had only seen a dead one up close, lying in the woods not far from the Sanctuary. It had been about the size of a Doberman, four-legged like a dog, too, but it was covered in scaly skin that was decaying and peeling off in textured, transparent sheets. You'd edged towards it slowly, your insatiable curiosity undeterred by the terror surging through your veins, making your heart thump wildly in your chest.

Its face was a great big...*mouth*, a mouth that opened like a bulb to reveal quadrants of razor sharp teeth. Protruding from the gruesome flaps of flesh and teeth was a long, limp tongue, dessicated from exposure. Its stomach was sliced open, something akin to guts spilling forth from three wide, jagged lacerations. Someone, or more likely, *something*, must have gotten to it, something strong enough to overpower it and tear it asunder with minimal to no damage to itself. You'd recoiled in horror at the thought of the victor of this vicious fight roaming the woods so close to your home, and practically sprinted home, the guns you were carrying clacking together as you hurried.

"Hey!"

You bristled, startled from your memories by Negan's voice. You looked around--everyone had gone. You were alone with Negan, who was standing directly in front of you, one hand in his pocket, the other gently gripping Lucille's base. He stared down at you, bemused. You blushed at the realization that you had been spacing out in front of Negan for God only knows how long. Fuck.

"Enjoying your time in La La Land?" he asked, perching his ass on the edge of the table as he eyed you intently. Your heart fluttered as your gaze travelled from his dirty black boots up his long, lean body, which looked far better than it had any right to look in pants that were just a little too loose and an unzipped leather jacket. When your eyes reached his scruffy, handsome face, you quickly looked away, face coloring further at his amused smile.

"Sorry," you muttered, grateful that he didn't look angrier.

“You know it’s all good, darlin’,” he replied, reaching forward and brushing a lock of hair out of your eyes, utterly disproving your theory that you couldn’t possibly blush anymore. “I know you don’t need a lecture about the fuckin’ portal. You gonna tell me what’s goin’ on in here?” He rested two gloved fingers against your temple.

You made a face. “Nah, it’s nothing. I’m good. Just spaced out, is all. I know, I gotta be more present.”

He stared at you for a moment, eyes turning from amused to something a bit darker, something that sent shivers up your spine. You’d seen that look a few times before, and it had always led to an indelicate proposition from your fearless leader, which, in turn, had *always* led to strenuous activities that culminated in mind-blowing, toe-curling orgasms for you. You didn’t quite know what it all meant, but you didn’t necessarily need to--all you knew was that you liked Negan, you liked his body, you liked the things he did to *your* body, and you *really* liked that look.

Hmm, you hoped this interaction was going in the direction it seemed like it was going...

Negan waggled his eyebrows. Yup, it was going there. “Why don’t you take off your pants, and I’ll help you remember how to ‘be more present’?”

Your breathing hitched as your sex pulsed, soaking your underwear. Your eyes flickered surreptitiously around the room. “Here? Now?”

Negan’s eyes glittered as he descended upon you like bird of prey, kneeling between your legs. “Right here, right now,” he murmured, trailing warm hands up your thighs until he reached your belt, which he slid from its confines in record time. He tossed it to the side and unbuttoned your fly.

“Yes,” you sighed, pushing at your waistband and lifting your hips to help Negan yank your pants down, but not off--your boots were still on.

“Fuck it,” growled Negan. He shrugged out of his leather jacket, eyes flashing ferally as he lifted your legs to maneuver himself under your

pants, which were suspended between your ankles like shackles, and pushed your thighs apart as far as they would go. Your heart thrummed like a hummingbird's as you watched him close in on your aching cunt...but he delayed the inevitable to pant hotly against you, *the tease*, until you grabbed him by his perfectly coiffed hair and tried to force his mouth upon you.

"Greedy fucking slut," he murmured, looking up at you with a wicked grin before lowering his head and licking slowly from your wet opening to your clit.

Your vision blurred as the sensation rolled through your body--*Christ*, he was good at this. He knew just what to do with that gorgeous, sinful mouth, and he wasn't shy to do it, no--he was voracious, like you were a delicacy to be both savored and devoured in kind, alternating between licking and sucking on your throbbing clit and deftly plunging his tongue deep inside of you.

His leather-clad fingers dug into your thighs as he switched his tactics, doing something just fucking unearthly to your clit with that tongue, pulling short, strangled cries from your throat as a wicked ache unfurled between your legs and spread through your body like wildfire.

"Negan," you whimpered, back arching as you writhed against his face. He moaned against you and gripped your flesh harder, doubling his efforts, tongue rapidly licking that *one spot* over and over, sending you further and further towards the edge, until you were teetering on the brink, mind whiting out, all reason fleeing as you succumbed to his talented tongue. The heat of your orgasm tore through your body as you seized up, clamping tremulous thighs around his face and crying out his name over and over until you were little more than a gasping, sweaty mess.

"Mmm," he hummed, his eyes dark as he lasciviously licked his lovely, thin lips. "Damn. I could eat you all day, baby."

Blushing but emboldened by his words, you lifted your legs up and kicked off your boots, yanking your pants the rest of the way off.

Negan looked absolutely delighted when you pushed him onto his back on the filthy floor and hurriedly unzipped his pants to reveal his erection.

And *fuck*, he was huge, you thought as you sank down onto his length, letting out a loud moan at the stretch. Negan exhaled loudly and gripped your hips tightly, trying to guide your movements, but you wanted it slow, you wanted to make him wait for it.

Negan propped himself up on his elbows, sweat dripping down his face as his eyes burned into you, watching you intently as you slowly swiveled your hips. "That's it, baby, that's fuckin' right," he breathed, the encouragement setting you ablaze all over again. You groaned, grinding down on his lap, pleasure washing over you as he bit his lip and let his head fall back in bliss, his narrow hips thrusting up to meet yours.

Then his eyes were on you again, pupils eclipsing the color of his irises, beholding you as though you were some sort of goddess. Though you blushed at his scrutiny, you also preened under it, the intensity of his gaze coupled with the feeling of him inside you sending you spiraling towards your next peak much faster than you had intended.

You pulled him up and kissed him desperately, forcing him to support his weight on his hands as your movements became more haphazard. He kissed back, plunging his tongue into your mouth, his labored breathing mingling with yours as you both unraveled hopelessly quickly.

"Darlin'...hmm--darlin', I'm gonna fuckin' come," he growled, gloved hand gripping your waist in warning.

"Yes, Negan," you moaned, fisting clammy hands in his disheveled hair as you bucked your hips wildly. "*God*--come inside me, Negan, ah! Please, come inside me."

He let out a strangled groan and turned his face against your neck, stubble brushing against you before he opened his mouth and sank his teeth into your soft flesh. A spasm overtook your entire body as you tossed your head back and screamed out his name in exaltation,

losing yourself in your second powerful climax in minutes.

When it was over, you both laid on the floor, panting, bodies slick with sweat. Hot fluid slowly trickled down your thigh, a filthy reminder of what you'd just done. You bit your lip at the sensation, a weak pang of lust curling in your gut.

You turned to tell Negan that you wanted him again, and were surprised to find that he was already staring at you with a look so intense that it was usually reserved for the throes of passion or, if he deemed it necessary, mid-meeting intimidation. This particular look was ultimately inscrutable, but it felt like a strange mix of reverence and...odd anticipation, like he wanted to tell you something.

"Everything okay?" you asked nonchalantly, attempting to shake the foreboding feeling that was slowly creeping over you.

His blinked slowly, eyes flitting upwards, like he'd been lost in thought. You often wondered what really went on in there, but it was largely in passing--you weren't sure you *really* wanted to know. He nodded, face lighting up with that trademark cocky, devilishly handsome, dimpled smile. "Oh, yeah. Peachy, darlin'. Just fuckin' peachy."

You smiled and leaned over to kiss his stubbly cheek, though you remained unsettled. He grinned and stood, leaning back dramatically as he zipped up his pants and smoothed his hair back in a shoddy attempt to fix it after your athletic amorous activities.

"All right," he said, helping you to your feet. "Back to work we go, darlin'. These people aren't gonna fuckin' save themselves."

A few days later, you and Negan went on a run with a handful of workers. It was an ordinary enough run, but the return journey through the forest was anything but.

Usually, Negan didn't bother himself with such mundane things, but after what happened last time, he didn't want to chance it. You had tried to convince him not to come, that you could safely guide

everyone around the portal and its surrounding areas, but he had insisted. He had insisted quite forcefully, and quite loudly.

“I’m sorry I fuckin’ yelled,” he’d said immediately after, his demeanor uncharacteristically moody. “But I’m not gonna budge on this one. I know you could do it, but shit--I’m not about to take that risk again after what happened.”

“You do realize that if we get attacked by those...the creatures, whatever they are, that you’re just as likely to get shredded up as we are, right?” you’d replied sharply, crossing your arms.

Negan gave you that strange look again, focused and intent, something unspoken resting on the tip of his tongue. You nearly withered under that look, but you stood your ground, thanks to the considerable amount of irritation and confusion you felt towards the man before you. When he finally spoke, he said cryptically, “Trust me, darlin’, that’s not how it is. Not at *all*.”

You forced yourself to brush the bizarre interaction off, though it lurked in the back of your mind throughout the run. Negan seemed normal enough, barking orders and stressing efficiency, remaining ever vigilant with his bat at the ready. The run itself went smoothly, and as you headed back to the Sanctuary on foot, everyone staggered in their usual formation, you felt no less safe than usual.

That was when things took a turn, and the your world toppled onto its side.

The sound of quick, nimble feet swishing over leaves and breaking twigs was the first thing you heard. Before you could process that, there came the blood-curdling shrieks of your companions, followed by bone-chilling, deep growls--not quite wolf-like, not quite of this earth--and the gnashing of sharp teeth.

Your heart hammered erratically in your chest. You searched the forest, eyes rolling wildly in their sockets until they came upon the dreadful sight of a man you barely knew flailing wildly on the ground as one of those doglike creatures stood over him, teeth slicing into his abdomen, bright red blood soaring through the air and splattering against surrounding vegetation.

You staggered back, nearly tripping over a raised root, vision blurring. Your perspective was warped, almost dream-like, as though perhaps you weren't really there, and this was all happening to someone else. Cries of terror rang through the forest, mingling with the sounds of rustling leaves and the wet spray of gore.

You realized that the man in your line of sight had stopped yelling, and his body was limp. The hellhound-like creature gnawed at his maimed corpse for a moment before its head lifted and turned rapidly, looking directly at you--

"Oh, *shit*," you hissed, pushing off the tree behind you and flinging your body in the opposite direction.

"Negan!" you screamed, blind with fear as you broke into a sprint. "*Negan!*"

The creature was gaining on you, you realized, as you heard the rattling, ragged sound of its *breathing*, and you were running faster than you ever had, trees and leaves surrounding you in a dizzying collage, and you didn't know which way was *up*, nevermind which way to go to reach the Sanctuary, when suddenly--

The sickening *thwack* of a bat crushing skin and bones, one that you had heard many, many times, reached your ears, and you could have sobbed with joy. Another *thwack*, followed by a pathetic mewl and a dull thud.

You turned, dazed. There was Negan, black fluid splattered across his face and the tip of his barbed-wire bat, eyes like saucers, shining with a preternatural mania as he stood over the beast that lay dying at his feet.

You couldn't help it--you were gawking at him. He had said so many times that it took such *force* to kill these things, that human weapons could and would kill them, but there had to be significant power behind them. Yet...Negan had managed with a few swings of his bat.

"Negan?" you said softly, your blood rushing so violently through your veins that you could barely hear anything over it.

Negan's looked at you, breathing hard, his teeth set on edge, the feral look in his eyes unyielding. Moments before, you had wanted to thank him, to embrace him, to be comforted by him, but now, you shrank back, heart palpitating at the nearly unrecognizable man before you.

"They never come out this far," he said hoarsely, his voice unusually calm. "I led everyone this way on purpose. They never come out this far. This wasn't supposed to--ah!"

He grit his teeth and slammed his eyes shut, suddenly hunching over, like he was in pain--you could have sworn that you saw something *ripple* under the buttery leather of his jacket. Suddenly, he began frantically undressing, tossing his clothing to the ground next to Lucille.

"Negan?" you asked again lamely, feeling helpless as fear suffused you.

His head jerked up suddenly, fixing you with eyes that were entirely black. You gasped and stumbled back.

"Darlin'," he said, breathing hard, an otherworldly quality to his voice. "Get back to the Sanctuary. Round up the--ah!" There was that anguished look again. "Round up the others, take them back--now!"

"I'm not leaving without you!" you cried, panicking at the sight of him, body completely bared, thrashing before you.

"Go!" he bellowed, throwing his head back and howling in agony as his body began to...change.

You leaned on the tree behind you for support, watching in dismay as Negan *transformed* before you. He shot up about two extra feet in height, his skin paling to a sickly, translucent grey, his chest muscles rippling as his build changed to accommodate this new height, becoming leaner, more sinewy, his spine protruding visibly through the stretched, thin skin of his back. His hands, which were wrung in front of him, expanded exponentially, his palms even more massive than before, fingers elongating unnaturally, becoming curved and claw-like. His feet were webbed, toes molding together to form three

prong-like toes, and finally, his face--that handsome face with its dimpled smile--disappeared into his body, leaving in its wake a featureless, closed bulb, not unlike that of the creatures that had attacked you moments ago. The bulb pulsed, gash-like lines fluttering like too many sets of lips, zig-zagging across his face like scars.

You gaped open-mouthed as your brain struggled to process what you were looking at. Words completely failed you as a monster stood before you, where Negan had once stood, its chest heaving, flexing its talon-like fingers and emitting heavy, wheezing breaths through the lined openings in its face.

Like an idiot, you parted your lips to stammer brokenly, “N-Negan?”

The monster turned to you, pausing for a beat before it stalked over, the heaviness of its feet sending leaves flying in their wake. You whimpered and turned away, but it stopped just short of you, close enough that you could feel its breath. It wasn’t hot, like you’d thought, but icy cold, sending shivers up your spine.

Suddenly, the bulb of the monster’s face *bloomed*, unfurling like grotesque flower petals to reveal four, five, *six* meaty flaps covered in rows and rows of pointed, razor-like teeth, glistening with thick saliva. It let out an inhuman roar, and just as quickly as it had appeared, the monster was gone. You could hear its heavy footfalls running in the direction of the screams of your companions, growing quieter and quieter as the monster put more distance between you both.

Paralyzed, you remained there, breathing hard, listening to a truly awful cacophony of screams, squelches, groans, and thuds. If you had been capable of any sort of rational thought, you would have actively prayed that the monster was taking out the creatures only, not your people, but you weren’t, so you clung to the tree and listened.

It took you more than a few moments to realize that the now-freezing moisture that seeped uncomfortably through your pants was piss. You had wet yourself.

“Fuck,” you said aloud, realizing that you should get yourself together as much as you could and head back to the Sanctuary.

Determined to find the others--those that had survived--you crouched down and slowly made your way in the general direction of the noises, which seemed like they were beginning to die down.

Before you managed to make it very far at all, you heard a heavy *thunk* followed by a wet wheeze behind you. A heavy, all-consuming dread spread through you and you closed your eyes, not wanting to turn around and see what you knew to be there, the thing that had consumed Negan, or burst forth from within him--had it been there all along?--the physical manifestation of your death knell.

But you couldn't stay there forever, stock-still in the forest. You braced yourself, your hand fumbling in the side pocket of your backpack for your knife, bottom lip trembling as you slowly turned to face the menacing figure behind you.

The monster was breathing hard, the bulb of its face pulsating, flashing fleeting glimpses of those teeth through its slivers of lips. Its grey body was covered in dark, congealing blood--whether from monsters or humans or both, you couldn't tell, but it was looming over you, breathing hard, its fists clenched, and its...

Your eyes bulged, brain short-circuiting. An enormous, thick, *hard* cock hung heavily between the monster's sinewy legs, its fat, bulb-like tip dripping with copious amounts of viscous, pearly fluid.

Mind blank, you turned and ran, though your lungs burned with the effort. You didn't get far, what with the ache in your jelly legs and the monster's preternatural height and speed. It tackled you to the forest floor, ripping your backpack off with one effortless pull of its fingers.

Hysterical whimpers escaped your throat as you fought it, shoving and kicking and scratching, but it was too strong--it held you down effortlessly, strong, cold hands pressing your wrists into the dirt, pointy knees digging into your legs. You stopped thrashing as you realized that that was *all* it was doing, just holding you down. If the thing had eyes, you would be able to feel it staring at you, regarding you curiously, but it didn't. The knot of discomfort in your low gut tightened further. Was it going to...eat you? Was it going to tear you to pieces and leave your body to the dogs? You squirmed as

its slippery cock slid against your stomach. Was it trying...to fuck you?

You took a moment to return its eyeless stare, your breath slowing just a bit as you really *looked* at it. A zillion questions fluttered through your mind, questions for Negan, who you hoped would return to you in one piece. He *had* to return, you decided determinedly. There was simply no other option to consider.

The monster leaned forward, an icy strand of drool pouring from its lips and darkening the fabric of your shirt.

“Ugh!” you cried, but then its knees slid between your thighs and pressed them open to rub its substantial cock against the crotch of your pants. Your groan of disgust turned into, mortifyingly enough, a little sigh of pleasure at the surprisingly satisfying pressure.

Your eyes snapped open, innards churning with a bizarre mix of revulsion and curiosity.

The monster huffed, its breath chilling your face. It released your hands roughly and reached down to tear your pants and underwear off of your body, and consequently, in two. You gasped and started to move backwards, but the monster grabbed you by the legs and spread you wide, the pointy ends of its claws biting into the meat of your thighs.

You grunted in discomfort, gooseflesh prickling your skin at the frigid temperature of the monster’s skin. The monster’s head tilted, almost inquisitively, and heat spread across your cheeks as you laid there, legs spread wide, wet cunt exposed.

Panic suffused you once more when its head parted at the seams to reveal those rows and rows of teeth, and you flailed violently in an attempt to close your legs and get away, but your spine went rigid at the feeling of long, cold, wet tongue lapping at your hot, throbbing clit.

“Ah!” you cried, back arching as the tongue continued its exploration, drooling abundantly on your cunt as it swirled around your lips and clit for several maddening moments before dipping low

and prodding at your entrance.

You slammed your eyes shut, hands flying to pull at your own hair as the monster's grip tightened on your leg and its tongue probed deeper, slithering inside you deeper than any human tongue, wriggling and pulsing and circling within you until sweat beaded on your forehead.

"Yes," you sighed desperately, images of Negan passing through your mind as hot waves of pleasure rolled over you. For a moment you forgot where you were as the monster continued, sliding its long, slimy tongue in and out of your body, pressing it against the deepest parts of you, sending frissons of arousal up your back until your eyes crossed and your toes pointed....

Then, maddeningly, just as you teetered on the precipice of a powerful release, the tongue wriggled free, lapping lightly--too lightly--and your lips, tracing your slit, then questing lower to press slickly against your tight, clenching asshole.

You seized up, a strange sort of pleasure coursing through you at the feeling of being breached there. You struggled, gasps of both discomfort and delight escaping your lips as it continued. Your brain turned hazy as you tried pulling at its veiny claws, but it was no use--the monster's tongue was deep inside you, feeling impossibly huge, pulsing coldly against your hot inner walls.

"Fuck," you whispered, closing your eyes at the sensation, feeling yourself clench around the tongue inside you, your clit throbbing as fresh fluid trickled from your cunt to where the monster was working you open, flexing that wicked unnatural tongue until you bit your lip and writhed against it, deliriously wondering if you were going to have one of the most intense orgasms of your life with at least half a foot of monster tongue up your ass.

Before you could give that thought any more consideration, the tongue was retreating, and you let out a cry of protest, feeling bereft and empty. What was the point if it wasn't going to finish the job?

But the monster wasn't finished with you yet--its tongue slid back inside its mouth, the bulb of its face closing partially. It growled

deeply, sinewy muscles rippling before releasing your legs and crawling on top of you, caging your body with its own.

Fear and arousal surged within you in equal measure as you beheld the great drooling beast above you. Overtaken briefly by terror, you edged back on your shaky elbows, but the monster grabbed your jaw and pressed you down with such force that the back of your neck arched away from the ground. Gasping for air, you sputtered, frantically trying to bat its hand away, but it was too strong. Its free hand held your shoulder down while it parted your thighs with its knees and rammed the bulbous tip of that monstrous, dripping cock inside of you.

You cried out, tensing at the ineffable sensation of something so large being stuffed inside you, but you were so wet from the creature's earlier ministrations, and its cock was already so fucking slippery that it entered you easily. You whimpered as you felt your wet opening burn, your body desperately trying to accommodate the intrusion, but the monster wasn't waiting for anything--releasing your face from its hold, it moved its frigid grip once again to your wrists, anchoring you inexorably as it pressed deeply inside of you.

You were a raw nerve, gasping and shaking, your nipples stiff in your shirt, hips aching, cunt speared viciously and deliciously on the monster's gigantic appendage, which it was thrusting incessantly in and out of you, a slow but steady push and pull, almost rolling its hips, pressing against your inner walls, laying claim to every part of you.

You were too gone to care about what it meant that you were moaning and crying out loudly, white heat spiking in your gut at each thrust. You pressed back against the monster, craving more, uncaring as thick strands of cold drool dribbled onto your chest, of the aggressively gnashing ball of teeth unfurling above you, the inhuman grunts and the *cold*, so much cold, enveloping you entirely, contrasting beautifully with the gorgeous heat of your rapidly approaching climax. Both of your sloppy, wet holes clenched with abandon, and there was fresh fluid slicking the monster's cock and you couldn't tell if it was from you or from it, and you just didn't *care* as a mind-melting heat danced urgently up your spine.

You bucked your hips and let out a series of strangled cries and squeals, chasing the sensation, and suddenly you were coming, and coming, and coming. Tears rolled down your cheeks as you cried out for Negan, your vision tunneling as spasms wracked your body. As your consciousness faded, you shuddered at a copious burst of cool liquid within you as your spent cunt clenched and fluttered around the creature's cock. The beast released in such massive quantities that its cum spilled from your cunt and dripped down your crack while its cock was still buried deep within you.

With a long, loud sigh, all the tension left your body and you laid on the forest floor limply, your consciousness fading as the monster remained inside of you, its grip oddly gentle on your wrists.

You didn't know how long you were out, but when your eyes finally fluttered back open, the sun hung low in the sky. It was almost twilight, it had to be. You blinked slowly, looking around. Trepidation washed over you as you remembered where you were. And what had happened. The soreness in your cunt and hips sent a shameful heat to your face and gut, as did the cool, tacky liquid congealing on your thighs. You slowly sat up, groaning in pain as your head lolled lazily from side to side, brain fuzzy as you looked for your clothes.

A twig snapped behind you. You froze, first wondering what on earth could possibly be coming your way next, followed quickly by a frantic, cursory search for your knife, which had been flung amidst the dead leaves by the monster.

"Hey there, darlin'," drawled an all-too familiar voice. You turned around, relief flooding your brain with dopamine at the sight of a disheveled, entirely naked Negan, standing sheepishly and strategically behind a bush comprised of a wiry tangle of twigs.

The relief was short lived as indignation settled over you. You scrambled to your feet, wincing at the ache between your legs. You put your hands on your hips and jutted out your chin.

"What the fuck, Negan?!" you asked, trying to sound far more

authoritative than someone with what must have been a gallon of monster cum gumming up her bare thighs. “The...the workers...where...and that thing...that monster...that monster that *fucked* me....was that you?!”

Negan made a face like he was in pain and nodded. “The workers...they're all right, most of 'em made it back. And, uh. Yeah, that was me. Well...a version of me.” He dropped his eyes for a moment, then looked back up at you with a lopsided grin that had you briefly struggling to remember why you were mad. “I'm sorry darlin', I know I've got a lot of explaining to do. And I'll tell you everything--and I do mean every-fuckin'-thing--when we get back, but for now, I'll leave it at this: I'm sorry, and when I become...when I change, it's very fuckin' difficult to control myself. I pretty much just eat, kill monsters, protect who I can, and fuck. Primal beast mode, know what I'm sayin'?”

You gawked at him, failing to fully comprehend the meaning of the discussion you were having. “So you just fuck whoever crosses your path? You just--” You wiggled your fingers dramatically “--tongue fuck whoever happens to be out in the woods for a fuckin' stroll?”

Negan chuckled and approached you. Instinctively, you stepped back, but he kept closing the gap until he could reach out and grab your hands. Fucking hell, he looked so good naked, even with flakes of dried streaks of blood fluttering unceremoniously from his body.

“No, darlin', definitely not everyone,” he murmured, his cold thumb stroking the back of your fingers. You shivered, expecting to see claws when you glanced down. You weren't sure if you were disappointed or not to see flesh and blood, distinctly *human* hands holding yours. He wagged his eyebrows. “You liked that shit though, huh. I can tell.”

You sputtered and pulled your hands away, but your face was already likely the color of a ripe tomato. “I didn't--no--”

Negan threw his head back and let out a booming laugh. “How very fuckin' convincing! Come on, you little freak, let's find our clothes--well, as much as we can, that is-- and get back. I don't know about you, but I'm so fuckin' hungry, I could eat a whole girl!”

Author's Note:

This is for my girl Ashton--happy birthday, babe! I hope you enjoy your name day teratophilia! <3

If you dug this gnarly trash, leave me some love in the comments and come visit me on the [Tumbles](#).